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HOW NORTH CAROLINA WENT INTO THE WAR.

by

Col.H.C.Graham

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Philip's eyes rest upon Katherine with earnest interest. The spray of honeysuckle has fallen unheeded to the ground.

"I'm so sorry you did not see her! Oh, my!" throwing up her hands, "she just looked like an angel."

"I do not doubt it, Miss Katherine," he softly replies.

"And her eyes!" she goes on rapturously, "seemed like soft, velvet pansies. But her face was whiter than her dress!"

Kate pauses, for Philip has turned his face away.

"Don't you want me to talk?" she asks, a little piqued at his seeming indifference.

"Yes, yes," he answers, eagerly; "if I seem rude, Miss Katherine, blame my head for it all."

"Oh, does your head ache? Then I'll speak very softly. Mother received a letter to-day," she whispers; "Dr. Merton is coming home to-morrow. It is sooner than we expected them, but Leah is so homesick for mother, he writes. He had hoped to keep her at the seaside a month or more."

"Mother misses her dreadfully," again she whispers, "she hasn't eaten a thing all day. I

often think mother loves Leah better than the rest of us all bunched together. Sometimes when I have the headache and Leah sings, it drives all the pain away. Did you ever hear her sing 'At the Stile'? No? Well, wait a moment, I'll get the words."

She runs through the open window and soon returns with a small book.

"Now listen," she begins:

"We had met and we had parted
In the stillness, heavy hearted,
I was lingering where she left me,
At the olden rustic stile."

She reads it sweetly, and he tells her it is very pretty.

When he leaves she watches his tall, lithe form until it is lost to view. The honeysuckle lies forgotten on the ground—trodden upon and withered. She raises the crushed flower with tender fingers.

"Heigh-ho," she sighs, "men never keep such tokens."

Ah, Katherine, you would not think thus could you see within a small ebony box a cluster of once purple violets, whose dry, dead odor is almost more than he who cherishes them can endure.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

GEORGE H. BLAKESLEE.

PROUD am I of my country's flag and of my country's name,
And next to her I cherish most her soldiers' deathless fame;
The living heroes now combined, in solid phalanx stand
To sweep all alien foes from off this fair and favored land.

All those who 'neath "Old Glory" fought, admired of all the world,
And those who vainly struggled, ere the Southern Cross was furled,
Will leave behind on history's page a bright and glowing trail,
And never be forgotten till life's beacon lights do fail.

All honor to our soldier boys, for in our country's name,
When pulseless lies my heart in earth, they all shall live in fame.
And he who not in kindness will our fellowship extend,
To him will come perchance a day when he will lack a friend.

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HOW NORTH CAROLINA WENT INTO THE WAR.

COLONEL H. C. GRAHAM.

ONLY those who lived in the stirring days of '61 can form the faintest idea of the intense excitement that prevailed throughout the land at that period, or of the frenzy of military spirit that manifested itself.

North Carolina was regarded as one of the most conservative of the Southern States; indeed, it was the fashion among her more fiery sisters south of her to characterize the State as a "Rip Van Winkle," to illustrate its slowness of action. It would have been more appropriate

the heaviest during the war, promptly responded: "I always found more dead North Carolinians on the Virginia battle-fields than from any other State." This statement from the distinguished general, himself a Georgian, who had such abundant opportunity for observation, is borne out by the official records of the United States government, published in its great history of the struggle, compiled from the archives of the Federal and Confederate War Departments, and which has now reached its eightieth volume. There was not much Rip Van Winkle-



MARKET SCENE IN A CAROLINA COUNTY SEAT.

to have likened the "Old North State" to a sleeping lioness, for when once aroused she knew no end to her efforts, manifested by the endurance and bravery of her heroic sons, who went to the front until the State had sent over 170,000 soldiers to Lee's army; and there was not a battle-field in Virginia where the "Tar Heels" were not buried by the hundreds and thousands.

General James Longstreet, next to Lee and Jackson the most prominent general in the Confederate army and one of the most stubborn fighters and thorough soldiers ever produced by any country, when recently interviewed by a newspaper correspondent as to which State lost

ism about this business, but it was characteristic of the State—slow to move until convinced, but a fight to the finish when she entered in earnest into the combat.

Secession was not popular in North Carolina. The State was loath to pass an ordinance of separation; so reluctant, in fact, that a proposition, submitted to the voters of the State, whether a convention should be called to consider the question of secession at all, was voted down. But the war spirit grew apace.

After the secession of South Carolina, which took place in December, 1860, the military spirit began to manifest itself in earnest, and a num-

ber of new companies were organized on a really military basis.

The old military organizations of the State might, with truth, up to this period have fairly been entitled to the sobriquet of "holiday soldiers," for their principal labors had consisted of an occasional target-shoot, picnic, or Fourth of July jubilee, when each private was encumbered with a gold-laced, aiguleted, and epauleted uniform, and plumes that would have done credit to a field marshal of France in the days of the Napoleonic Empire, and where profuse perspiration was the certain torture inflicted on the warriors that wore them. At these military junketings nearly every man in the company was accompanied by a negro servant, bearing hampers of refreshments, the liquid portion of which at the target-shoots was, perhaps, responsible for the wretched marksmanship, which, with the old smooth-bore musket, rarely came, by accident, within three feet of the "bull's-eye." Heigh-ho! but those were happy times. Different days, however, were soon to dawn on the peaceful "Old North State." The black clouds of war were rapidly gathering on the political horizon, and the distant mutterings of the thunder gave token of the terrific storm that was to follow.

I bear in mind, at this moment, the appearance of the Warren County Guards as they came into the first camp of instruction at Raleigh. This county (Warren), by the way, was named after the grand Revolutionary hero, of Boston, who laid down his life at Bunker Hill, and it was one of the most aristocratic counties in the State, thoroughly permeated with old English ideas and customs.

When this company arrived in Raleigh and came into the camp (which was commanded by D. H. Hill, brother-in-law of Stonewall Jackson and afterward one of the ablest lieutenant-generals in the Confederate army), it came with a train of wagons that would have sufficed, a few years later on, to transport the baggage of Stonewall Jackson's corps, and the quality of the baggage was remarkable. There were banjoes, guitars, violins, huge camp chests, bedsteads, and other material startling in amount and unique as to quality, while the soldiers, a number of them large landed proprietors, were uniformed in a style of magnificence, as to gold lace, plumes, and epaulets, that would have required the genius of Sir Walter Scott to describe with proper effect. There was something really pathetic in the nonchalance and *naïveté* ex-

hibited by these Warren cavaliers, who could see no incongruity between camp life and the luxuries of home.

But gallant heroes they proved themselves to be, for they formed part of the celebrated First Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers, commanded by D. H. Hill, which fought and won the first battle of the Confederacy at Bethel, near historic Yorktown, where the gallant Major Winthrop, of Boston, fell—probably the first Federal officer killed in the war—and where the first Confederate killed in battle—Wyatt, of Edgecombe County, North Carolina—gave up his life, and in honor of whose memory there now hangs a life-size portrait in the library of the beautiful Capitol at Raleigh.

These same fine Warren County soldiers soon learned the sad realities of war and nobly performed their duty. The handsome gold-laced uniforms were soon exchanged for the regulation gray blouse. The bodies of many of them were placed beneath the sod on Virginia battle-fields, and the little remnant came back to the old homesteads in rags from Appomattox, to fight bravely the battle of life under the new *regime*.

Governor John W. Ellis, of Rowan County, was North Carolina's distinguished war executive, one of the ablest men who ever occupied the gubernatorial chair and who was confronted with the gravest issues that had ever presented themselves for the consideration of a chief magistrate of the State. He was a States Rights Democrat of the old school, was exceedingly popular with his party, and was serving his second term when the Civil War commenced.

While Governor Ellis was naturally in deep sympathy with his Democratic *confrères* in the far Southern States, yet neither by word nor deed did he compromise North Carolina beyond the law and the expressed will of the people on the secession question. On one occasion, when a number of over-zealous soldiers took possession of Fort Johnson, at Wilmington, he immediately ordered them to evacuate the fort and turn it back to the United States government, and this, too, at a time when the war spirit had commenced to boil over.

It was not until President Lincoln's proclamation, calling for 75,000 troops and on North Carolina for her quota, that the people of the State became a unit and her secession a certainty. Governor Ellis declined to furnish the quota. Relations with Washington were immediately broken up. Never was there such a transformation of political sentiment wrought

in so short a time. Raleigh, the capital of the State, where strong Union sentiment prevailed and where the Stars and Stripes were conspicuously displayed before the proclamation, was instantly metamorphosed.

The writer of this article was, at the time of the intense excitement, a student in the senior class at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. - There were over 600 students at "The Hill," from all parts of the South, and a military company had been formed there, known as the "University Blues," who promptly offered their services to the Governor, but they were declined because, as *ex-officio* head of the University, he deemed it unwise to take any action that would disorganize this time-honored institution of learning. But the inevitable was near at hand.

Ex-Governor David B. Swain was at this time the president of the University—"Bunc," as he had been affectionately known by the students for years, so styled because he was from the celebrated Buncombe County, of North Carolina, which was also the home of the late lamented Senator Zebulon B. Vance. He had been twice Governor of the State, was the intimate friend of many of the most distinguished historic characters of the country, and the University made wonderful progress under his administration. He was a man filled with the milk of human kindness, dearly loved by the young men under his guidance, and every one of whom, surviving to-day, reveres his memory. The old man dearly loved his country, mourned deeply over the disruption that took place, with tears in his eyes witnessed the departure of the ninety-five members of the senior class before the commencement, and sent them their diplomas in camp.

The writer was a member of an artillery company in Raleigh, in which he had been enrolled a short time before President Lincoln's proclamation. Immediately after the proclamation a military camp of instruction was ordered at Raleigh, and a State Convention assembled. The writer received an order from his commanding officer to report at the camp, and responded thereto.

What a wonderful change had come over the "Old North State"! Arriving at Durham, twelve miles from the University, then a mere station on the Central North Carolina Railroad, but now a thriving city, the writer awaited the arrival of the train. When it came in sight it was decorated with the then Confederate colors,



MAJOR WINTHROP, U. S. A. (KILLED AT BETHEL).

the three bars and stars, from the engine to the rearmost car, and had three military companies on board. The first sight that greeted us, as we came in sight of Raleigh, was the Confederate flag flying from the dome of the Capitol. Many of the citizens wore the red cockade, the old Revolutionary symbol of the State, and the city was alive and active with military preparation.

The Convention soon assembled, composed of the best material of the State, with Hon. Weldon N. Edwards, of Warren County, as its president. This body at the Capitol, with the military camp established at the Fair Grounds of the North Carolina Agricultural Association, were the two great points of attraction, while the city was crowded with visitors from all parts of the South. The camp bore off the palm for its large and constant flow of visitors. There were nearly 2,000 infantry in the camp, with Ramseur's superb artillery company. This company, when completed, numbered over 120 stalwart men. It had been raised in Raleigh, and many of its members were prominent society young men. To it was given the only complete battery in the State, which had been captured with the Fayetteville arsenal. It was entirely new, consisting of six brass field-pieces, four six-pounders, and two howitzers, and when fully equipped had six matched horses to each gun, caisson, the battery wagon and forge, and it was one of the finest batteries in Lee's army. Its commander, Captain David Ramseur, had just resigned his commission as a first lieutenant of artillery in the United States army. His ancestors were of

Revolutionary fame in Western Carolina. He afterward became a distinguished major-general in Lee's army, and was killed in the valley of Virginia.

The battery was afterward known as "Manley's," being commanded by Captain Basil Manley, afterward major, a son of an ex-governor of the State, and, after the surrender, mayor of Raleigh. One of the sad duties of the battery, before it left for Virginia, was to take part in the funeral pageant of Governor Ellis, in Raleigh. The Governor, broken down by his arduous duties, went to the Red Sulphur Springs, in Virginia, to recuperate his health, and there died. His remains were brought to Raleigh and interred with imposing military honors. There were also two regiments of infantry in the procession (on their way to Virginia), one of them, the 6th, commanded by Colonel Charles Fisher, who, a few weeks afterward, lost his life at the battle of Mauassas.

Governor Ellis was succeeded by Governor Clarke, of Edgecombe County, who took the gubernatorial chair by virtue of his office as president of the State Senate.

The camp of instruction presented special attractions. The Raleigh ladies, always noted for their beauty and accomplishments, were strongly reinforced by numbers of fair visitors from other portions of the State and from the South, and every afternoon, at dress parade, a long line of carriages, filled with fair occupants, were in attendance to witness the ceremonial. A fine band of musicians was in the camp, which added greatly to its attractiveness.

Finally the day came when the ordinance of secession was to be passed. The whole city was early astir. A great crowd gathered in the Capitol grounds. Ramseur's battery was ordered down from the camp, to fire a salute of 100 guns in honor of the event, and a fine military band was stationed in front of the Capitol to add inspiration and *eclat* to the occasion.

The hall of the House of Representatives, where the Convention was held, was crowded to overflowing, and as each member affixed his name to the ordinance, he was loudly applauded. Outside, on the Capitol grounds, the crowd was so great it overflowed in every direction, and sentries marched beside the artillery to maintain sufficient space for working the guns.

It had been arranged that a handkerchief should be waved from a window of the convention hall when the last signature was placed to the ordinance of secession, as a signal to the

artillery. Captain Ramseur and his officers and men stood by, their guns ready, and when the bit of embroidered cambric, in the hands of a fair daughter of the State, waved the signal, the guns thundered their salute as rapidly as they could be loaded and fired by the well-drilled artillerymen. And let me tell you they were good ones. If you have never listened to the music of a full battery, well served, you can form but little idea of the racket it makes. At the moment the salute commenced, every bell in the city rang out, and the band struck up North Carolina's inspiring anthem, "The Old North State":

Carolina, Carolina,
Heaven's blessings attend her;
While we live we will cherish,
Protect, and defend her.
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For the Old North State forever.
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For the good Old North State.

This martial hymn was composed by the great Gaston, one of North Carolina's most distinguished and beloved sons, and the music is most inspiring. It was, and is to-day, the Marseillaise of the State, and has a power to arouse to the highest pitch of enthusiasm the heart of every true son of the "Old North State," whenever and wherever he hears its inspiring strains. It is related that on one occasion in Virginia, at night, after a bloody conflict, when the armies were resting on their arms, preparatory to renewing the battle next morning, a band of one of the North Carolina regiments struck up this anthem of the State. There were a large number of North Carolina regiments that had participated in the battle bivouacking along the line, and as far as the strains of music could reach them cheers went up that made the welkin ring.

When that memorable event in the history of North Carolina which I have attempted to describe took place, amidst the thunder of the cannon, the ringing of bells, and the inspiring music, the assembled multitude went wild. Old men rushed into each other's arms; young men, soldiers, and civilians yelled themselves hoarse, and all sorts of extravagances were indulged in.

And so the momentous deed was accomplished. Then came the serious duties and sad realities of the great conflict. The First Regiment of volunteers left us for Virginia, with band playing, colors flying, and handkerchiefs from fair hands waving adieu. The regiment left in the early morning, about seven o'clock, and notwithstanding the early hour, all Raleigh was on the

qui vive to give a grand send-off to the first soldiers to leave the State for the seat of war in Virginia. At the head of the regiment rode D. H. Hill, as its colonel. Charles C. Lec was the lieutenant-colonel, afterward colonel of the 37th North Carolina Infantry. He was killed the day before the battle of Malvern Hill, in the seven days' battles of Richmond. James H. Lane was major of the regiment. Major Lane was afterward colonel of the 28th North Carolina Infantry, and after that one of the most gallant and distinguished brigadier-generals in Lee's army. He is now professor of civil engineering at the Agricultural and Mechanical College, at Auburn, Alabama.

When the first volunteers marched down Fayetteville Street, the principal avenue of Raleigh, on their way to the cars, to the lively strains of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and "Dixie," amid the waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies and the cheers of the men who lined the sidewalks, the scene can be more readily imagined than described, if I may use the trite saying in recording what was indeed a most inspiring sight.

But it was not long before the glamour and novelty of first military experiences passed away, and the stern realities of the great tragedy faced the Confederacy. North Carolina's legions were poured rapidly into Virginia. Several camps of instruction were established, and from these went forth regiment after regiment, well drilled and equipped. Excellent service was rendered in these camps by West Point cadets, who had resigned and come home, and by the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, which was looked upon as the leading Southern military academy. These young officers drilled the raw recruits, and did their work well. Many of them reached high rank in the army afterward. It was found that their services could be dispensed with as mere drill masters, for "Hardee's Tactics" soon became as familiar as Webster's spelling book in every branch of the service.

Nearly all of North Carolina's troops were sent to Virginia, and formed part of Lee's Army. From Bethel to Appomattox they par-

ticipated in every important battle, and their losses were enormous. Take, for instance, those of Branch's brigade of A. P. Hill's "The Light Division," in the seven days' battles around Richmond, as shown by the official records. This brigade was commanded by General S. O. B. Branch, who was afterward killed at Sharpsburg (Antietam), and it was composed of North Carolina regiments, with Captain Marmaduke Johnson's Virginia battery attached, for at this time the artillery had not been placed in a separate corps, but each brigade carried its own battery.

The 7th Regiment, in which the writer was serving as a lieutenant (and he may as well state here, was wounded at Gaines' Mill, where the two other officers of his company were killed, and which regiment was commanded by Colonel Haywood, after the fall of Colonel Campbell, who was also killed at Gaines' Mill), in its official returns, shows that out of 450 officers and men carried into action, 253 were killed and wounded. (See Government Records, Vol. XI., page 890.)

These same records show that Colonel Cowan's regiment, the 18th, lost sixty-eight killed and wounded; the 28th, Colonel Lane's, ninety-one; the 33d, Colonel Hoke's, seventy-five; Colonel Barbour's, the 37th, who took command after Colonel Lee was killed, 138. Captain Johnson's battery lost twenty killed and wounded and ten horses.

At Gettysburg the losses were frightful to the North Carolina troops, and so on every battlefield they laid down their lives by the score.

But the end came at last, and the battered fragment came back to the old home in their ragged jackets and with ruined fortunes, ready to commence bravely anew the battles of civil life. And what a splendid record they have made! Look at the "Old North State" to-day, with its constantly increasing population and growth in manufacturing, mining, and agricultural development, largely brought about by its old Confederate soldiers, and say if these brave followers of Lee and Jackson are not worthy of their Anglo-Saxon lineage and of the name of Americans.



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